

## Alone by CometCola

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**Summary:** Set several weeks after the events of S1. Will and Mike have a serious talk. [A drabble that I felt was worth posting. Will x Mike if you squint]

## Alone

It had started out as a feeling, a tiny thought in the back of Will Byers' mind. Whether it be a slight change in Mike's tone when they spoke, or the way he would always receive a phone call when he would arrive home from school, or the other boy's house. It had not been something that alarmed him at first. After all, he had gone missing for well over a week. The concern was understandable. However, when it grew into a routine, he began to worry.

It was well into the second week of their winter break, a chilly Saturday morning when Will had decided to risk walking to his friend's house rather than taking his bike to avoid it being trapped in the snow. He was upset to hear that Dustin had managed to come down with the flu- and Lucas's family had since been on vacation. This left the two boys alone, watching cartoons with nothing better to do. It was far too cold to be outside, and there was no way they could play Dungeons and Dragons with only two members.

Will had nearly fallen asleep when he heard a quiet sigh from the other boy, glancing over to see him staring disinterestedly out the window. He frowned, remembering how out of sorts Mike had been lately and deciding to bring up the matter.

"What's been wrong with you lately?" Will chimed up, nervously running a hand through his hair to shove his bangs back. He didn't want to seem too concerned.

Mike had nearly jumped out of his seat at the question, looking over towards Will indifferently. There was a slight hesitation, before he finally shrugged. "What do you mean?" He snapped back, almost defensively.

"Nothing, nothing.. You've just been acting weird ever since I've gotten out of the hospital, is all." The response alarmed Mike, causing him to sit forward with a slight glare.

"No I haven't." He paused, sighing and rolling his eyes. "Okay, maybe I have. But so what?" He admitted regretfully, wringing his hands together in an obviously stressed way.

"Just.. I don't know. It freaks me out. You've seemed so distracted, it's weird." Will stated, not quite sure what he was going to gain from striking up such a conversation. He sat back, looking rather distressed.

Mike furrowed his eyebrows, trying to think of a response that would successfully get Will off his case. Nothing of the sort came to mind, and he ended up sputtering out an answer he wished he could take back for the sake of his own embarrassment. "Just worried about you, is all. It was scary, without you here."

There was a fleeting moment of silence, before the other boy softened his tone. "I'm not going anywhere, you know. Promise. I'm not going to leave you guys again." His shoulders slumped pitifully, out of an odd sense of guilt. None of them could have prevented all that happened, it had been inevitable. All that mattered was that hopefully the whole ordeal was finally over. Even if at times, he wasn't too sure that was the case.

Mike seemed to cringe at the answer, shaking his head. "It doesn't help, Will. You went missing, I thought you died. And Eleven's gone.. It's hard. Alright?" He hated mentioning the girl Will had never had a real chance at meeting. The same girl he had cared for so dearly, only to lose. And who knew what had become of her? The possibilities made his stomach churn.

"I know it's hard!" Will suddenly snapped, looking concerned with his friend's rather depressing tone. "Just don't let it eat you alive. And don't bottle it up." He paused, looking downwards with a frown. "Okay?"

"Okay." Came a slow response, as Mike sat back with an uneven sigh. He knew such a conversation had been bound to come up sometime, even if he greatly didn't wish to let Will know of the lingering fears he had.

Neither of them spoke, nor even shared a simple glance. Rather than being uncomfortable, the silence was almost peaceful after the deep argument. Perhaps they could have passed the time discussing their plans for when school began again, or what they had received for Christmas that year. But oddly enough, such small things didn't seem

to bother them. At least, not like they would have only a few weeks prior. With all that had occurred, they seemed to have grown up all at once. Even while being the more mature boys in the group, it was a weird switch in mindsets. Whether it be the slight disinterest in a game they used to play, or a show they used to enjoy. The way they spoke, especially when they were alone. And they could hide it from everyone but each other.